

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

## THE CONQUEROR CONQUERED

HE recked little of men's love or hate. His grim look, his pride, his silence, his wild outbursts of passion, spread terror through his court.

His very wrath was solitary. "To no man spake he, and no man dared speak to him," when the news reached him of Harold's accession to the throne. He found society only when he passed from the palace to the loneliness of the woods. He loved the wild deer as though he had been their father.

Death itself took its colour from the savage solitude of his life. Priests and nobles fled as the last breath left him, and the Conqueror's body lay naked and lonely on the floor.

John Richard Green

## A TALK WITH A PRIME MINISTER

THEY say the British Empire will fall as all other empires have fallen, but let them say. God knows it is being tried in the fires, and weighed in the balances. But it will conquer, and it will survive.

It will hold together like a rock fashioned and welded by the creative genius of a race set in the midst of the earth to rule to its circumference. It has not been made with a whip. It is not spied on by a Gestapo. It has no concentration camps. It muddles through wars because it is not ready for them. It wastes time and money and labour and life in battering its enemies down because it is a game it does not like.

### Our Plutocrats

It is not doomed to perish like other empires because it draws the breath of freedom. The blood of free men pours through its arteries and circulates through its veins to its remotest bounds. It is imperishable because it is built on the idea which is cherished in every heart from Dundee to Dunedin, that the honest poor man is as good as the king.

THEY call us plutocrats and keepers of the money-bags, but if we have power in the world it is because we have paid for it with blood and toil:

*If blood be the price of Admiralty,  
Lord God, we have paid it in full.*

Plutocrats—and look at the men we choose to rule us! Look at our roll of Prime Ministers—Herbert Henry Asquith, struggling to fame and eminence in the profession he chose to work hard in; David Lloyd George, poor lad of Wales with nothing but character to help him; Ramsay MacDonald, poor lad of Scotland with everything against him; Stanley Baldwin, the plain man's Premier; Neville Chamberlain, son of the industrial world of Birmingham; Winston Churchill, master of his soul and master of our race by his own powers; General Smuts, the boy from a South African farm who has forced his way to the top of the world; Mackenzie King, the lawyer's son; Robert Menzies, a lad from the State schools of Melbourne; Peter Fraser, the Highland lad who has become the first man in New Zealand. Plutocrats indeed!

### The Lad From the White Cottage

If we look at the map we shall see two little islands in the middle of the world and two little islands at its extremity, and between them flow the two greatest oceans, ten thousand miles of water with but a speck of land. Across this great ocean highway Peter Fraser went out from his little white cottage at Fearn a generation since, and he has just been home again to the little white house. When he went away from Fearn (in the lovely land of Easter Ross which has given many great men to Scotland) there were handshakes from neighbours and friends who knew that there was something in the lad who was setting out across the earth. When he came back there were ten times as many people at the village hall as could crowd inside it. We do not wonder, for here was the living secret of the British Empire whatever men may say; here was a man who went out with the spirit of freedom and sowed the seeds of goodwill at the ends of the earth. If he had set out to do in Germany what he has done he would have been shot.

This quiet, kindly, thinking man has not become Prime Minister by bluff and bounce and bluster, by waving flags or firing pistols; he has not emerged from a beer cellar to shout and fume and rave and wade through slaughter to a throne. The instrument of his power has been his faith in social justice, and he has sought to bring it into the realities of life on a scale unrealised outside his own land.

HE had one immense advantage to begin with, worth more than land and fine gold, for his father was of the illustrious race of shoemakers, the men who sit alone at their work thinking hard all day—such men as the poets Richard Bloomfield and John Greenleaf Whittier and the father of Christopher Marlowe, the Quaker George Fox, the missionary William Carey, the admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovell, the Chartist leader Thomas Cooper, the editor William Gifford, the author John Kitto, and old John Pounds from whom Lord Shaftesbury said

Mr  
PETER  
FRASERPrime  
Minister of  
New Zealand

his ideals had descended. Did not a shoemaker sign the Judgment on Charles Stuart, and did not a shoemaker sign the Declaration of Independence?

There have been no finer fellows than the disciples of St Crispin among those who are the backbone of our race, and ten thousand times Peter Fraser must have thanked God for his father, who set him, thinking about life and inspired him with a consciousness of its solemn trust. It was the discussions in his shoemaker's shop that gave young Peter his first understanding of affairs and stirred him with a longing to be helpful in the world.

He sought a revolution and believed in bringing it about in the British way. He found himself in New Zealand when he was 26, a stranger in a strange land yet a friend in a friendly land, for it gave him opportunity. In a few years he was on the City Council of Wellington and a member of the Harbour Board; a few years more and he was in the House of Representatives. While Hitler was building up his New Barbarians, Peter Fraser was looking after the health of New Zealand, after its education, its police, and its marine affairs; post after post he held in the Cabinet, until at last he became Prime Minister, leader of the most advanced community in the world.

WE do not wonder that his return to Scotland, back to the village of his first memories and the very room in which he was born, was like a royal progress. From town to town he went through England to the North, saddened by the sight of the wilderness the hand of man has made of our great cities, his gentle nature moved, we are sure, to tears as he looked on the streets of Coventry and Liverpool, of Birmingham and Manchester. But with what delight he must have marched through Scotland, his ain' countrie, receiving freedom after freedom from his own folk, listening to the ringing applause of Edinburgh, and Glasgow, and Aberdeen, and Inverness, and his beloved Tain and Dingwall. Four freedoms Mr Roosevelt wants for every man, but Mr Fraser is taking six freedoms home, each in a lovely casket and each straight from the hearts of those who gave it.

### The Quiet of a Hundred Hills

Most of us, following it in the papers, have thought this homecoming of a Prime Minister one of the pleasant events of these tumultuous days, but it has been delightful to sit with Mr Fraser in the quiet of a hundred hills and to share his confidence in the triumphant future of our race. We sat between two hills historic in the modern development of the world. Behind us Marconi would come to pick up wireless signals in the days of his dreams; before us was the little valley in which an Englishman was learning to fly before Wilbur Wright; and between the cradles of the Age of Flight and the Age of Wireless we talked of the Age of Freedom and of all the civilising work of the flag.

GREAT sights Peter Fraser has seen, but none will he remember longer than the procession of four hundred black mothers with their babies. He shook hands with each mother and looked at each baby, and he did it gladly as a man and not merely officially as Prime Minister. Nor will he forget his ride with the Alake of Abeokuta, when suddenly he became aware of a silver trumpet rising up from the footboard of the car to declare that the Alake was approaching and to prepare the faithful to prostrate themselves as he passed. The Alake wore his glittering crown and everywhere his people threw themselves on the ground; even the members of the Alake's governing council did so. Mr Fraser is a democrat of democrats and believes that all men are equal in freedom, but well he knows that things like these must be in a world in varying stages of civilisation and reaching liberty by slow degrees.

### In the Track of the Mahdi

He has flown across Africa and seen the wondrous change that has transformed Khartoum since he was born. He has been in the track of the Mahdi who slew three million lives by sword and fire and pestilence, and has seen the triumph that has crowned the tragedy of Gordon. He has seen skulls and dead men's bones ground to powder and sold as medicine in the African bazaars, but he has seen trained nurses from Scotland giving their lives to teach these people better ways, and African nurses equipped and qualified and armed with knowledge that will raise the standard of life for these poor folk who still call in the medicine man. He has lived for days in the heart of Nigeria, where a man will keep four wives, who run his hut and do all the

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## Nothing Like This Ever Happened Before

*This story is true; it comes from a little Southern town in U.S.A. where lynching is still the order of the day.*

AMONG the prisoners in a gaol in Georgia was a Negro who had been arrested because bloodhounds had found a criminal's tracks leading past his farm.

The Negro was a young man with a good reputation. As darkness began to fall the threatening murmur of a mob outside struck fear into the hearts of the prisoners. The condemned man fell on his knees and prayed. He pleaded that he was going to tell the truth and begged that God would save him. It was as though a great weight had been lifted from his mind, for he immediately lay down and slept soundly.

The crowds outside grew bigger and the other prisoners looked sadly at the Negro who was going to be lynched. They woke him up and showed him the 700 white men who had come to carry out justice in their

own way. But the Negro did not worry. He went to sleep again, and when the mob opened the cell door with a key they had taken from the sheriff he faced them unafraid.

They hustled him into a car and drove madly through the night to where they had built a bonfire. A noose was put round his neck. But still he was unafraid, pleading his innocence. When petrol was being poured over him he said simply, "Go ahead and kill me, but keep looking for the man who done it."

Suddenly an amazing thing happened. The furious men quietened down and looked at one another questioning, and a little anxiously. They began to argue whether the Negro really was guilty, and the fire was burning low when they decided to take the man back to his cell.

Nobody in the South remembers such a thing happening before, a lynching that was not carried out.

## The Butterfly and the Cabbage

SOME people do not despise the homely smell of the cabbage patch, and the white cabbage butterfly revels in it, never laying her eggs on any but a cabbage leaf.

A Canadian chemist has just shown that the smell is the secret. He prepared an extract of the substance giving rise to it, and found that the butterflies went to it at once. This suggests the use of the smelling substances as a lure for injurious butterflies, and it has now been shown that some of them have a taste for

their own choice in perfumes. The orange puppy butterfly, the scourge of orange, lemon, and grape fruit orchards, can be lured by the faint smell of citral and a coal-tar product. The "tent" caterpillar has such a perverted taste for the smell of prussic acid and a deadly benzene compound that when the chemist soaked thin blotting paper with one or other of these poisons, the caterpillars sought it out and made a meal of the paper with as much relish as if it had been a leaf.

## A TALK WITH A PRIME MINISTER

Continued from page 1

work and carry on whatever business he may have, so that when he asked how poor men could afford four wives the answer was that wives are cheap and not expensive.

It seems only yesterday that these people would hang a chain of skulls on the doors to frighten the tax collector, and today the Prime Minister was captivated by the sight of the cotton fields, the experimental farms, the tin mines and the cocoa works, and the native courts of justice which work as smoothly and fairly as in New Zealand. Hereabouts, when he was born, was the White Man's Grave, the paradise of the slave trader; the flag has turned a sink of iniquity into a land of great promise, and who knows what some Prime Minister of tomorrow may see in these vast African regions now in the twilight of life?

I ASKED Mr Fraser if all their social experiments, their full awakening of democracy, had made the New Zealanders more happy. He smiled, and thought a little, and declared that they were a very happy people. He himself, as we all know, has had much to do with making them so, for he was largely responsible for one of the most remarkable acts of social legislation ever passed through any Parliament.

It relieves the people from the spectres of want and unemployment, the fear of millions in older lands. It gives a

free medical service to the whole community and raises medicine to the status of a public service. It establishes the principle of family allowances, recognising the children as the only wealth of the future; and it does what can be done by the State to drive the fear of poverty from the lives of men.

THE more we dream of the natural paradise of New Zealand the more we wish that all the world might be so free, so safe, so contented. Its death-rate is the lowest in the world. Its young folk are well educated and its old folk well cared for. There are practically no millionaires and no gulf between rich and poor. There are no great areas of land in private hands. In our own time its men have proved their mettle on many a battlefield. They have fought their Agincourts, and Creeps and Waterloo and have nobly sacrificed themselves for human liberty. Still but a century old in civilisation, New Zealand stands high in the pride of nations and is a corner-stone of freedom which will not fail mankind.

It is men like Peter Fraser who have made her so. It is the faith they translate into life that has given the world the spectacle of this little Dominion of great splendour willing to sacrifice its peace, to give to all mankind the opportunity of happiness it has found for itself.

Arthur Mee

## BOMBS AND BOOKS

### The Gaps on the Library Shelves

*The war is being fought to maintain the spiritual and intellectual integrity of mankind, of which literature is one of the most important forms of nourishment.*

We are sure all readers of the C.N. will endorse these true words which conclude the annual report of the Friends of the National Libraries, and will support their urgent appeal for gifts of books to replace the millions of books which have been destroyed in the Nazi raids.

About 25 well-known libraries have suffered damage and their stocks require to be replaced, so the ordinary book is needed as much as the special book.

Last year 13 university, 22 college, and 21 public libraries received gifts, the most munificent Friend being Lady Ludlow, who gave hundreds of English and German books. Another delightful gift not only adds to the rich collection in the Bunyan Museum at Bedford but helps to round off a dramatic incident in the great evangelist's life. This is a Breeches Bible belonging to the family of Francis Wingate, the squire magistrate of Harlington who committed Bunyan to Bedford Gaol. Wingate had nine children, and such was Bunyan's influence in his native county that the squire's grandchildren became members of the Bunyan Meeting and lie in its graveyard with Bunyan's own grandchildren.

## THE VOICE

Behind the Mystery Voice now embarrassing the Nazi radio system is a Russian propagandist, Alexander Lozovsky. Dark-haired and bearded, 63 years old, he has travelled all over Europe; reading, studying, listening, but talking little.

At eight years old he was working for a blacksmith. As a dynamic young man of 23 he was leader of a Socialist organisation. After eight years of this he was exiled and escaped to France till 1917. Still observing all and saying little, he perfected his system of propaganda, and now he can send out wireless propaganda as a voice that must be heard—ruthless and disturbing as it must be to combat the lies of Nazi spokesmen.

## This Week's Good Cause

Will some good C.N. friends please send a bundle of clothes for our brave East End people?

They have saved England by their great courage; it will do us good to pay them back with a little warmheartedness and a little warm clothing. Send it to East End Mission, 583 Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1. Thank you.

## THINGS SEEN

Italian war prisoners helping with the harvest in England.

A bath filled with apples outside a house in a London suburb, and a notice saying: *Windfalls—Help Yourself.*

## LITTLE NEWS REELS

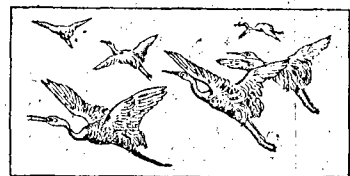
THE Ecclesiastical Commissioners are considering mobile squads of curates who will care for extended parishes, getting about on motor-cycles; older men will be given small cars.

The honey harvest in Cumberland, Yorkshire, and Lancashire is the biggest for many years.

Model ships made by Air Raid Wardens from bomb splinters and debris have been exhibited at Pinner, Middlesex, and raised £415 in Defence Bonds for Northwood Voluntary Hospital.

SEVEN brothers from Cape Breton are serving in the Canadian Army.

Canada will send us 600,000,000 pounds of bacon and ham next year.



Greater numbers of storks than usual are visiting South Africa, probably owing to war conditions in Europe and North Africa.

A SOUTHERN RAILWAY porter at Carshalton Beeches Station, climbing on to the roof to clean out a gutter, found it stopped up by thousands of live tadpoles.

Hull has lost one of her great men, Sir Alfred Gelder, creator of modern Hull and Father of the City Council; it was he who persuaded Hull to acquire Queen's Dock and convert it into gardens.

By this time the Empress of Abyssinia will have reached her home once more, and all C.N. readers will wish her a happy life in her own country.

BECAUSE there was no criminal business at Durham Police Court, the Mayor had to produce coupons before he could be presented with the traditional white gloves.

## The Jubilee of the River Gulls

THIS will be the Jubilee Year of the gulls coming up the Thames to London town. Strange as it may seem, to many Londoners who watch their wheeling squadrons, it is just 50 years ago that the first pioneers came up to London Bridge and Blackfriars, and were fed by passers-by.

The gulls brought their families and told all their friends and relations, till now the flocks have grown out of reckoning, and have established ports of call as far up as Teddington, where the tide ends, with sleep-

Fred Brown, aged 84, has died after spending 64 years at Brighton Aquarium; fishes would swim to him when he called them by name, and many would take their food only from him.

IN 1940 U.S. civil air lines carried 3,185,278 passengers, and covered nearly 120 million miles.

Two men who have held their tongues for 20 years are talking again; they are silent monks from the Trappist monastery of Mount St Bernard, Leicestershire, and have taken up work as military chaplains.

A MAN who rescued a starving dog in a Liverpool air-raid was summoned for keeping it without a licence, which he could not afford to buy. A licence was bought for him.

## Scout and Guide News Reel

PATROL Leaders John Dyne and Peter Standen have been awarded the Certificate of Gallantry, and Patrol Leader Eric Martin has received the Gilt Cross, all for their fearlessness, speed, and perseverance in carrying messages during many air-raids.

Northfleet Scouts have joined the ever-increasing army of harvest fire-watchers.

Sixteen Scouts of the 5th Swan Valley Troop hold the National Service Badge, and all members who are old enough have enrolled for blood transfusion; the Troop has collected great quantities of waste paper and has turned part of its camping ground into allotments.

THE first Guide V.C., the Bronze Cross, to be awarded to a British Guide during the war has gone to Miss M. Monk, Captain of the 2nd Rotherhithe Company, for conspicuous gallantry during raids on London's Dockland.

ing quarters on the Thames reservoirs. They may find their food rations reduced, but not, we think, their numbers, for, as a famous bird-lover recently said, all birds live beyond and above the power of war to harm. Whatever mischief man is perpetrating, birds will persist in their comings and goings, their singing (or shrieking), their nest-building, the rearing of their young, "by road and river, country field and town."

London has given the gulls the freedom of their city and every year they come.

## THE UMBRELLA

The Editor of the C.N. having admitted to its columns the rhyme about the "unjust feller who had stolen the just's umbrella" (though it could not have been his own because he never carries one), a contributor is emboldened to tell of another stalwart like him. He was met in pouring rain without one, and excused himself by saying he had an umbrella, but could never take it out because it was a presentation umbrella, suited only to an Eastern potentate. It had a gold handle. He added the strange warning received from a noted firm of umbrella makers, never to put your umbrella in an umbrella stand.

## A Helping Hand

DEAR EDITOR, In April 1939 I started to collect cigarette cards. I have now got 3900. I have been promised a shilling from my father if I get 4000 by Christmas. I have got 30 sets. Last year I got up a club and named it the Helping Hand Society. In September 1940 we held a jumble sale in aid of the Spitfire Fund and collected £4 6s.

Last March we held a concert and collected 10s 6d. Last May we held a small jumble sale and collected 7s 3d towards war weapons week, and in July we held a sale of work in aid of the Spitfire Fund and collected £1 19s. Now we are rehearsing a concert party.

BERYL SIMMONS (13).



## First of the Tanks

SOME time ago the CN said that the far-away ancestor of the Tank was the armed elephant which Hannibal brought across the Alps. But there was an earlier and a humbler ancestor, no other than the horse which was harnessed to a chariot.

According to the latest researches, summed up in the new quarterly issue of "Antiquity," the first horse harnessed by man has been found at Tepe Sialh in Persia. It was harnessed there 6000 years ago; and the first

chariots appear not long after in Assyria and in Sumer, and also in Irak. They were there before Father Abraham. North Syria, which had yoked the horse and the ass to the plough some centuries later, did not use the chariot till 4000 years ago, but they were four centuries ahead of the Aryan tribes.

In fact, the Aryans, like the Germans who claim them as their forefathers, were imitators, and were anticipated as charioteers by Greece and Egypt.

## CLOGS

Once the cobbled streets of Lancashire resounded to the clack-clack of clogged feet, but silk stockings and cheap shoes ousted these from favour, and a very skilled trade almost died. But now there is to be a revival, for the A T S is ordered to wear real Lancashire duck-toed clogs for wet jobs, sharp toes, cruiser sterns, metal caps and clasps, and all. They will be made in black and brown; and if supplies hold out W A A F's and W R N Ss will also get them.

## Shadow Over the World

ON the third Sunday of this month of September there will be a total eclipse of the sun, which in more tranquil days would have drawn many of the world's astronomers to the coast of China.

There in Foochow, Wenchow, Hankow, Nanchang, all of them names grown only too familiar since China's peace was so wantonly disturbed by the monstrous barbarism which the Japanese still call the Chinese Incident, it will be visible for

50 seconds of totality. Astrakhan and other parts of Southern Russia will glimpse it partially as the tip of the moon's shadow crosses them, and passes also over the Caspian Sea, the Aral Sea, Turkestan, Tibet, China, and shadows the American island of Guam before becoming lost in the Pacific. It is a symbol of the shadow which crosses the world, but which will as surely be lifted.

## DAVID OF THE BOYS BRIGADE

The Boys Brigade Diploma for Gallant Conduct has been awarded to 16-year-old David Eames, of the 1st Watford Company, for a cool act of courage a few weeks ago.

A party of climbers were ascending Snowdon when they were stopped by the sheer face of the mountain. Their leader was gripping a projecting rock when it gave way so that he fell on to a narrow ledge below where David was standing. In a flash David threw his arms around the man and succeeded in holding him until both were pulled to safety.

There was a grave risk of their being struck by falling rocks, while the force with which the leader fell might easily have carried David over the precipice below the ledge on which he was standing. But David Eames kept his head, and held on.

## THE GESTAPO AND THE GRAMMAR BOOK

Not long ago a Copenhagen bookseller daringly displayed an English grammar with the notice:

*Learn English before the Tommies arrive!*

The Gestapo were quickly on the scene and furiously ordered the removal of the offending book and sign. The next day the bookseller displayed a German grammar with the notice:

*Learn German before our friends leave.*

## CROWDED SHIPS

Both the British and American Governments are now permitting the deeper loading of ships to get more cargo through the danger zones. No one likes this, but the case is so urgent, and the other dangers so great, that all concerned have consented to the change, to be regarded as a purely wartime measure.

## THE ARTISTIC MOORHEN

This has been a notable year for moorhens, and a red-gartered one which came from afar to build a nest on the water of St James's Park attained a degree of fame. She was a careful mother, and covered her eggs with a piece of newspaper when she left them to go foraging. She ranks with another celebrated family of moorhens who decorated the first of their nests with a wreath of forget-me-nots culled from the rushes round their pond, and a second nest with buttercups and cranesbill.

No such enterprise (writes our Country Lad) has been shown by the pair of moorhens which build in the reedy recesses of a small and very muddy pond near his Surrey village, but this season they have brought up seven youngsters, a healthy brood.



*Tiny evacuees from London at their delightful Sussex home*

## THE BEE'S 8000 LOADS

Mr Frank Todd, of the Pacific States Bee Culture Laboratory, is a bee specialist who has invented an ingenious pollen trap. With this he can estimate the number of loads of pollen the bees bring to the hive. In nine months one colony averaged nearly 8000 loads a day. Each load means visits to 80 blossoms, and about two-thirds of a million flowers were visited in a day.

## ST PAUL'S "TOOK IT"

Those who love Wren's masterpiece (and who does not?) will rejoice to hear that a careful survey shows that no serious damage has been done to the fabric as a whole. There was injury to walls, but no indication of general instability. Measures are already being taken to repair or secure the structure.

If only we can be assured that the cathedral will not again be shut in by commercial buildings, so that we see St Paul's set in a fine piazza, as planned by its great architect, we may live to be glad that the building was bombed into view.

## SILVER MONKEYS OF DURBAN

One of our readers in Durban writes about the silver monkeys in the gardens there.

These happy little creatures are fed with scraps from the table, but instead of throwing the food on the ground it is wrapped in paper bags. Each monkey is presented with a parcel, which it opens very solemnly and, like children, the monkeys watch each other jealously to see that one has not more titbits than the other.

## The Stocks Are Going Down

It is hard to imagine the price paid by the New Barbarians for the Blitzkriegs. The cost in life is appalling and cannot be known, but the cost in material is measurable and some remarkable figures have been given.

In one day one highly mechanised division

Eats seven tons of food, Needs thirty to-ton railway trucks,

Uses 200 tons of munitions. For every sixty miles it goes such a division uses up 100 tons of petrol.

## THE COLONISTS

During the early part of the summer a London doctor, in whose regard his garden ranks next to his patients, planted a couple of rare cuttings in a flowerpot, which he set out in the garden under a glass bell.

The plants flourished under curious conditions; the pot had been accidentally placed over an ant-heap. To the ants it must have seemed a mountain, yet with great courage they turned adversity to profit. Finding the hole in the base of the pot, they made their way in and colonised there. The flowerpot is now incorporated in their domain, and their exit, instead of remaining at ground level, is now on the surface of the pot-soil. The plants are in no way harmed, perhaps even better for the opening-up of the soil. The doctor has acquired a new kingdom, even if his subjects are but ants.

## THE BOMBER'S GREENHOUSE

The observer in the bomber is housed in a sort of cupola where he can get a clear view on every side, and in America this observation post is now being made of a clear, transparent plastic, less than half the weight of glass and completely shatterproof. Its colour is green, and on that account these contrivances have received the nickname of the bomber's greenhouses.

## HOT MUD

The residents of Rotorua, the hot springs district of New Zealand, are used to their own particular blitz noises, but they are not accustomed to having mud thrown at them.

The other night a mud geyser erupted so close to the town that it splattered several buildings. The Maoris never remember seeing it thrown so high.

## PENNY MACKEREL

Mackerel were sold at a penny in the Isle of Man the other day, after millions of fish had invaded the harbour. So tightly were they packed together that seagulls were able to stand on the mackerel as they swam along, and boys were catching them in hundreds.

## The Pig Club

One hundred and fifty six-penny shareholders in a Yorkshire pig club run by Driffild schoolboys are to receive an interim dividend of 9d a share, which is at the rate of 600 per cent, for the three months the club has been in existence.

## THE ARITHMETIC OF THE JAM POT

A domesticated reader asks why jam should be so dear, and forwards us these details of his experiment in jam arithmetic.

Plums were bought at 6d a lb retail, and a small quantity of plum jam was made, declared to be the nicest plum jam ever encountered. The quantity had to be small because only 3 lbs of sugar could be spared for the purpose. The whole cost worked out at 3s 5d. As the stones were taken out of the plums, the jam weighed 6 lbs, and the cost therefore was only 7d a lb.

These things being so, our correspondent wants to know why, when jam is made wholesale, out of plums costing less than 6d a lb, a lb pot of jam cannot be bought in the shops at a reasonable price. He invites Lord Woolton to make a little jam for himself and to share his wonder.

## THIS AND THAT

A man in the 1st Battalion of the Canterbury Regiment in New Zealand is bemoaning the fact that no one seems keen on knitting him socks. It is no wonder, really, for he takes size 15 boots! He stands 6 feet 6 inches in them and they are nearly 14 inches long. On the other hand, a jockey in the same regiment is overwhelmed with socks; he takes size three in boots!

## FROM MANCHESTER TO MANCHESTER

Manchester's Lord Mayor had a big surprise the other morning, when a young lady in khaki called at the town hall and said that outside was a motor ambulance for the city.

It was like a bolt from the blue, for no one knew anything about it. All the young lady could say was that she had picked it up in Liverpool and been told to drive it to Manchester. It was some days before a letter came from Manchester in Vermont, U.S.A., saying that the ambulance was a gift from the people of Manchester's American namesake.

## THE SEA BIRD'S ISLAND

Off the Pacific coast the sea bird is king, and nowhere is this more evident than in the guano islands of Peru, where it is the goose that lays the golden eggs. A generation ago the supplies of Peruvian guano, the best natural fertiliser, were being ruined by ruthless exploitation. Then Peru, moved by scientific and industrial representations, set about conserving her natural wealth. Seven-year periods during which any given guano island might not be touched were instituted, and the islands have now recovered and afford a constant supply. The sea bird is king of its own destiny.



September 13, 1941

The Children

## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



## JOHN RUSKIN CALLING

### The Island That Needs Strong Men

*We have been looking through an old friend on our shelves, and this is what we find on one or two of its pages. It is John Ruskin speaking, and his words are worth the attention of our Government, as we suggested last week.*

THE people are crying to you for command, and you stand there at pause, and silent. You think they don't want to be commanded.

Try them. Determine what is needful for them—honourable for them. Show it them, promise to bring them to it, and they will follow you through fire. Govern us, they cry with one heart, though many minds.

They can be governed still, these English: they are men still; not gnats, nor serpents. They love their old ways yet, and their old masters, and their old land. They would fain live in it, as many as may stay there, if you will show them how there to live, or show them even how there, like Englishmen, to die.

It is but a little island. Suppose, little as it is, you were to fill it with friends? You may, and that easily. You must, and that speedily; or there will be an end to this England of ours, and to all its loves and enmities.

To fill this little island with true friends—men brave, wise, and happy! Is it so impossible, think you, after the world's eighteen hundred years of Christianity, and our own

thousand years of toil, to fill only this little, white, gleaming crag with happy creatures, helpful to each other?

Where are men ever to be happy if not in England? By whom shall they ever be taught to do right if not by you? Are we not of a race first among the strong ones of the earth, the blood in us incapable of weariness, unconquerable by grief? Have we not a history of which we can hardly think without becoming insolent in our just pride of it?

There is a destiny now possible to us—the highest ever set before a nation to be accepted or refused. We are still undegenerate in race, a race mingled of the best Northern blood. We are not yet dissolute in temper, but still have the firmness to govern and the grace to obey. We have been taught a religion of pure mercy, which we must either now finally betray or learn to defend by fulfilling. And we are rich in an inheritance of honour, bequeathed to us through a thousand years of noble history, which it should be our daily thirst to increase with splendid avarice, so that Englishmen, if it be a sin to covet honour, should be the most offending souls alive.

Will you make our country again a royal throne of kings, a sceptred isle, for all the world a source of light, a centre of peace?

### One Good Thing That Could Be Done

THERE is a matter, both simple and important, in which authority can bring about a very desirable reform. It is to abolish the class distinctions attaching to war decorations.

If a flying officer does a gallant thing he is awarded the DFC, the Distinguished Flying Cross, but if he is a sergeant and does precisely the same gallant deed he is awarded the DFM,

the Distinguished Flying Medal. Fortunately this curious discrimination does not apply to the Victoria Cross, which knows nothing of class distinction.

Here we touch on matters which seriously affect more than democracy; they relate to that inequality of opportunity and recognition which runs throughout our society and which we have good need to be rid of.

## Under the Editor's Table

WILL the motorist who took the Brighton road please put it back?

THE famous conjurer now driving a tank will probably turn it into a hedge.

THE woman brick-layer has made her appearance. And will build a reputation.

It is a mistake to think that because Britain and Russia believe in joint action it will affect the meat ration.

### Peter Puck Wants to Know



If all hens lay eggs in the long run

It is too late now for Japan to be in the van. But not to be in the cart.

A MAN says the only sort of music he enjoys is the musical box. He can shut it up.

A GIRL declares that she is best when dancing. Others are better still.

THE inventor of corrugated iron knew a wrinkle or two.

THE alarm clock is a marvellous invention. Certainly an eye opener.

## Little Dutch Lady

NOTHING among all the stirring events of Queen Wilhelmina's birthday last week, when eighty million Dutch citizens and subjects greeted her Majesty with the assurance of their faith in victory, can have given the Queen more pleasure than we think this little story will.

It is sent to us by a C N friend in Birmingham whose little Dutch god-daughter in the East Indies is learning to swim, and particularly to dive. She had an accident in which she hurt her head in diving and was for some time afraid to venture again. But her courage came with time; never has it left the Dutch for long. "I made myself dive," said this little Dutch lady, "by thinking to myself each time that if I did so I should somehow be helping to save Holland."

### Mister Churchill

A GERMAN airman taken prisoner a few days ago was able to give news of a captured British pilot taken before a German officer for interrogation. After asking several questions the German official inquired sneeringly, "And what do you think of your Churchill now?"

The pilot drew himself to his full height, looked the official in the face, and replied coldly, "Mister Churchill to you."

### HITLER

These verses have reached us from a distinguished American and we take the liberty of possibly infringing copyright because they seem to us among the best of all the poems we have read during the war.

No wife, no child, no playtime hour,  
No love of anything but power,  
No neighbours near, no family tie,  
No caring who may live or die.

No friend beyond the moment's need,  
No God, except the god of greed;  
No pity, and no wrong and right,  
No faith in anything but might.

No morning song; no evening prayer;  
No little patch of garden, where  
In springtime blossom tulips gay;  
Nothing but warfare night and day.

No home by patient labour earned;  
No hearth where cheery logs are burned;  
Nothing, save for a little while  
The stupid cry, *Heil Hitler, Heil.*  
Edgar Guest

### STORY

ONE of the latest raid stories to reach us is that of a little girl who was reading a book while the bombs were falling round the shelter. It must have been an interesting book, for Annie took no notice until her mother said, rather sharply, "Annie, put down that book and attend to the air-raid."

### JUST AN IDEA

The highest explosive known to science is made by combining idle hands with addled minds.

## THREE WINSTON CHURCHILLS

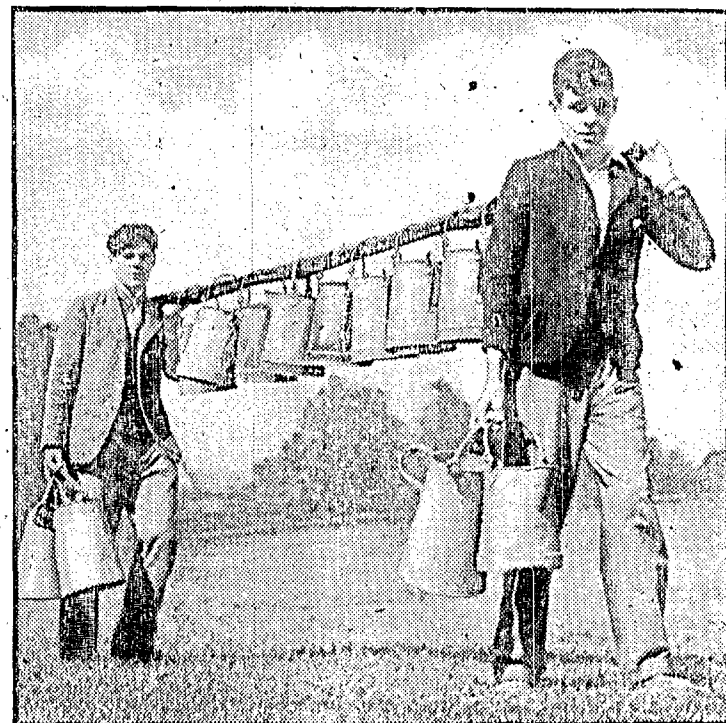
IN the days when Mr Neville Chamberlain was Prime Minister the C N recalled the story of a Neville Chamberlain of long ago. Now somebody has been recalling another Winston Churchill, politician and historian. There have been indged two other Winston Churchills in our public history, one the father of the Prime Minister's hero, the first Duke of Marlborough, the other the father of the Prime Minister's own father, Lord Randolph Churchill.

The first was Sir Winston, living through the whole period of our Civil War and taking the king's side, and becoming greatly impoverished for his loyalty. With the Restoration of the monarchy came the restoration of his fortunes, and he held office under both Charles the Second and King James the Second, one of his appointments bearing the picturesque title of Clerk Comptroller of the Green

Cloth. An ardent king's man, he was the author of a work published in 1675 and dealing with all "the Kings of this Isle from the year of the World 2855 until the year of Grace 1660."

The second bearer of the proud name was John Winston Churchill, Seventh Duke of Marlborough, father of Lord Randolph Churchill. In 1844, when this Winston was only 21, he became M P for Woodstock and began a political career which lasted till his death in 1883. He is remembered as an able and popular Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, but, like his namesake of Civil War days, has been eclipsed by the fame of his son.

It is safe to say that the lustre of our Prime Minister will outshine all the Winstons and all the Churchills. Unto him has been given the honour of making his name like a beacon lighting the long dark road to Liberty and Victory.



### The Water Carriers

Boys from Marlborough School working on the farms

## Arthur Mee's Millionth Book

IT is many years since the sales of the Children's Encyclopedia, the Mother of the C N, passed their first million mark, and altogether the Amalgamated Press has sold millions of Arthur Mee's encyclopedias and educators.

The appearance this year of Nineteen-Forty, the Editor's volume of his C N articles, has established a new record by bringing the sales of Arthur Mee's individual volumes (published by Hodder and Stoughton)

to a million. Such circulations are not unusual among writers of fiction now, but there are not many cases on record in which one man has sold a million copies of serious books. The millionth volume must have been a copy of Nineteen-Forty itself, and we take the opportunity therefore of quoting this opinion of the book from Judge Fawcett of the Supreme Court of the United States, who writes of it to a well-known artist in this country:

ACCEPT assurance of my deep appreciation for "Nineteen-Forty" by Arthur Mee. The volume is gloriously inspirational.

It is a gripping, thrilling, classic word-picture of experiences, adventures, and conditions in the war zone last year. It has a spiritual appeal and an awakening of faith profounder than anything I have read outside Holy Writ. The masterful presentation of the issues and the circumstances and conditions interwoven therewith make his conclusions portraying ultimate victory for the British Cause irrefutable. Triumph! she must and shall!

Arthur Mee writes as a man in whose soul God dwells. He preaches many marvellous sermons. I wish every man, aye, and woman too, might read his great book. I read the book aloud to sisters and brothers on two evenings, while we were gathered about the family fireside. All regarded it as highly entertaining, instructive, informative, revealing, and prophetic.



## The Medicine Man and His Sand Pictures

THERE was an air of expectancy at New York's Museum of Modern Art the other day. All eyes were on a pit filled with fine clean sand where two Navajo medicine men from Arizona were demonstrating the art of sand painting.

Sand painting is a religious ceremony for the Red Indians, a sort of primitive festival of healing. These people have produced 100 colours from sands and powdered rocks. The red, yellow, and white colours are powdered sandstones. The blue is a mixture of charcoal and white sand. The black itself is charcoal.

The artists, sitting cross-legged, first smoothed the sand over with a paddle. They then took a handful of coloured sand from a row of bowls and began their drawings, sifting their colours through a thumb and finger. They were portraying in sand the powers invoked in the ceremonies—the thunder and wind chant. Faces symbolised

the gods, interspersed with various representations of plants and animals.

The whole painting, which took three days to make, was protected by a rainbow, with an opening left in the east, from which, according to the Navajos, only good can come.

A ceremony like this is appointed for a Red Indian sick in mind or body, or for someone who needs more power. It lasts from two to nine days, and during the last days the medicine man directs the making of the sand paintings, the idea being that the patient becomes possessed of the powers portrayed in the painting. The medicine man gives the patient a drink made of herbs and containing some of the sand of the painting, which is supposed to give him the strength of the gods. When the treatment is complete the painting is destroyed, to the accompaniment of chants and invocations, and the sand is taken and thrown into the desert.

## A Film of William Penn

WILLIAM PENN, the founder of Pennsylvania, is a hero of both British and American history, so that a film about him comes appropriately now. The film does not try to emphasise parallels with present-day events, but tells a straightforward story of a man who stood up for liberty of conscience and believed in the equality of all before God.

Clifford Evans makes an attractive hero of Penn, letting us see his sincerity and strength of conviction and his charm of manner, so that we realise how this Quaker could at one time be in prison for his faith and at another be welcome at Court. The famous trial scene, when the jury refused to bring in the verdict ordered by the Lord Mayor, and so established the right of jurors to bring in their own verdict, is convincingly reproduced.

Penn's nursing of smallpox victims on board the Welcome, on his first journey to America, is little known and is used to

good effect; so is the better-known incident of his treaty with the Red Indians at Shackamaxon on the Delaware. There is chivalry and idealism and humour in the story. One short sequence showing the torturing of Quakers during a wave of persecution might, however, frighten young people.

We see something of Penn's care for the planning of Philadelphia, and for the good government of the State of Pennsylvania. The Library of that State has just discovered seven rolls of parchment which hold the first laws ever passed by its first legislative body.

Other news about Penn is that the home he built for himself in Pennsylvania has now been reconstructed from the original plans. When a party of Friends visited it in June this year they were told its history by the President of the Welcome Society, whose members are all descendants of the men and women who sailed with Penn on the Welcome.

## THIS KIND WORLD

A MALLARD hen and a bluejay both have a story of human kindness to relate.

The mallard hen and her family of six were seen swimming in the big lock at Puget Sound, Seattle, not long ago. A cargo boat had passed through the lock on its way from the lakes to the sound, but Mrs Mallard was too late to pass through into the canal with it. She could have turned back, but had evidently made up her mind not to do this, and kept on towards the gate.

The lock attendants held a council to see if the gates could be opened for the small convoy, and the lock master gave his consent. The outside gates were closed, the lock was pumped full of water until it was as high

as the lakes, and Mrs Mallard and her brood swam out into the canal amid cheers from the lock men!

The little bluejay had a whole street of Brooklyn at its back and call the other day, when it fell out of its nest on to the pavement. Passers-by who tried to put it back found their intentions misconstrued by Mother Bluejay, who carried on dive-bombing tactics against them! Again and again the baby bird was picked up, but each time the would-be rescuers had to drop it to avoid the pecks of the mother bird. Things were at a deadlock when the police arrived, netted the fledgeling, and took it away to be looked after until it was old enough to fend for itself.

## THE POET TO HIS COUNTRY

WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed Great nations, how ennobling thoughts depart.

When men change swords for ledgers, and desert The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed

I had, my country! Am I to be blamed?

Now, when I think of thee and what thou art,

Verily in the bottom of my heart Of these unfilial fears I am ashamed.

For dearly must we prize thee, we who find

In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;

And I by my affection was beguiled:

What wonder if a poet now and then,

Among the many movements of his mind,

Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

Wordsworth

## BEGINNING THE DAY

BEGIN the morning by saying to thyself, I shall meet with the busybody, the ungrateful, arrogant, deceitful, envious, unsocial.

These things happen to them by reason of their ignorance of what is good and evil. But I who have seen the nature of the good that it is beautiful, and of the bad that it is ugly, and the nature of him that does wrong, can neither be injured by any of them, for no one can fix on me what is ugly.

We are made for cooperation, like feet, like hands. To act against one another is contrary to nature.

Marcus Aurelius

## Sweet Day So Calm and Bright

SWEET day so cool, so calm, so bright;

The bridal of the earth and sky, The dew shall weep thy fall tonight;

For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,

Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye, Thy root is ever in its grave, And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,

A box where sweets compacted lie,

My music shows 'ye have your closes,

And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul, Like seasoned timber, never gives;

But though the whole world turn to coal,

Then chiefly lives George Herbert

## The Five-Acre Plan

ALL administrative problems, however intricate, can be resolved into factors in which the five-acre unit, and the prosperity of the five-acre holder, is the most important of all.

Government of India  
Atlas of Statistics

## PRINCE AND BEGGAR

THERE are two points in the adventure of the Diver: one when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge, one when, a prince, he rises with his pearl.

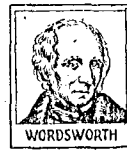
Sir Ernest Shackleton

## Wisdom From the East

IF you shut your doors to all errors Truth will be shut out.

We come nearest to the great when we are great in humility.

The stars are not afraid to appear like fireflies. Sir Rabindranath Tagore



## A MAN'S LIFE IS NOT IN THE THINGS HE POSSESSES

ONE of the company said unto Him, Master, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me; and He said unto him, Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?

Take heed, and beware of covetousness, for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

And He spake a parable unto them, saying:

The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully, and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits?

And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns and build greater, and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee;

then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself and is not rich toward God.

And He said unto His disciples, Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body what ye shall put on. The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment. Consider the ravens; for they neither sow nor reap, which neither have storehouse nor barn, and God feedeth them; how much more are ye better than the fowls? Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, they spin not, and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If then God so clothe the grass, which is today in the field and tomorrow is cast into the oven, how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith? Sermon on the Mount

## OFF IN THE STILLY NIGHT

OFF in the stilly night, Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,

Fond Memory brings the light Of other days around me:

The smiles, the tears, of boyhood's years,

The words of love then spoken, The eyes that shone,

Now dimmed and gone, The cheerful hearts now broken.

Thus, in the stilly night, Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,

Sad Memory brings the light Of other days around me.

Thomas Moore



A Boy of Old Holland—A fine portrait by Jacob Backer, a Dutch artist of the 17th century



# THE SOLDIER AND THE TIDDLERS

## Eashing Bridge and Its Age-Old Tale

THE ancient bridge over the River Wey at Eashing, between Guildford and Godalming, comes from the 14th century. It was built so splendidly that it takes the heaviest weight of a lorry without a tremor, and has seen a kaleidoscope of traffic pass over its grey arches through the centuries.

Lately there has been seen on the bridge a soldier from far Alberta who does not count the generations or the centuries, but only knows that this scene is the England he longed to see, the England he has come to defend. Its loveliness, its scents, and its atmosphere of unbroken peace even now—all this he expected, and all this he has found.

### With Line and Hook

So here he is, spending his free afternoon in what he has found to be a truly English way. With a piece of stick cut from a hedgerow near by, a length of odd string, and a hook, he has the equipment of perfect fishing from Eashing Bridge, fishing for tiddlers. Really they are dace and chub, clearly seen lurking among the green reeds and mosses in the water; but dace and chub mean nothing to him. Tiddlers these are.

Rivers and streams where this Edmonton soldier comes from are all very different. Even the mighty Thames and Severn, save in their widest parts, would

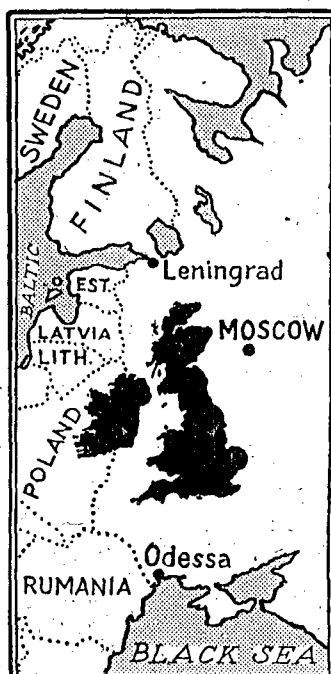
be reckoned mere creeks in the vast Dominion of the West. And fish, too, are built on a different scale; they are huge, they swarm in thousands, they are chiefly for eating and not for sport.

But the tiny fish in this tiny river have a special charm for our soldier. He had heard of our tiddlers before he came here, and of the small boys who capture them and take them home in glass jars and tins. It always seemed a restful and attractive diversion, and now he knows that it is so.

He casts his home-made line, and whether there is a bite in an hour is no matter at all. For he is dreaming, not fishing; he is breathing in the air of his dreams, breathing through every part of his body as well as through his lungs. He knows by that indefinable magic which comes to every man and woman who has seen England, every boy and girl who has roamed her lanes and played in her meadows, that this is a land worth living for and fighting for.

The soldier from Edmonton will go back to mighty Canada and see again his own land, but he will take with him the memory of a little land he came to love as the quiet symbol of dignity and liberty and faith to the pledged word. He will always remember the little fish that lurk beneath the grey

Continued in the next column



**THE EASTERN FRONT**  
The vast area in which fighting is taking place in Russia is strikingly illustrated by this map of the British Isles superimposed on the Eastern Front.

stones of Eashing's ancient bridge across the Wey.

And, though our soldier thinks little perhaps of how old and historic we are, caring only for the beauty all about us, perhaps we may tell him one story of Eashing that goes back to the ages long before Canada was known to the world, before any white man had seen the great St Lawrence, before the Hudsons sailed out of history to be lost in Hudson Bay. It is a story from the Surrey volume of the King's England, and tells of a discovery not far from Eashing.

### A Grim Discovery

During the making of the by-pass road a few years ago some workmen were digging in a cutting and unearthed a company of skeletons. A Roman hairpin was found near the head of one of the grim companions, but there were no weapons or ornaments such as our ancient forefathers used to place in graves, and experts decided that they had not been buried in times of peace but had been slain and buried in haste. This may have been their story.

They were Romanised Britons living at a time when Rome's strong shield had been withdrawn and fierce invaders were raiding and ravaging the land. This little family decided to leave their home in the Weald and go westward, where, behind Wansdyke, the great defensive earthwork stretching from east of Savername almost to the Bristol Channel, they would be safe.

### One Solitary Hairpin

That way lay peace and safety, and packing their possessions they set off. They were about to ford the Wey when out of the wood burst the Saxons. The invaders had come up the river and founded a settlement at Eashing; and the luckless Britons had blundered straight into the people from whom they were fleeing. It was all over in a minute. The Britons were killed and their possessions shared out; nothing was left them save one solitary hairpin. On that slender clue is our tale founded, but murder will out even after 15 centuries.

# The Ten Men of the Grande Armée

ACROSS the bleak snow-covered plains of Russia hurried the soldiers of Napoleon's Great Army, hurrying, though weary, through fear of Cossacks in pursuit, hungry because they had devastated the country on their triumphant forward march to Moscow and for miles round had left neither crops nor cattle which might have fed them now.

One little band of Germans, dispirited by the great failure, had yet the memory of their own success to encourage them: their leader, Prince Emilius, son of the Grand Duke of Hesse, had been congratulated by Napoleon on his part in the campaign. But his honour had been dearly bought, for only ten remained of the ten thousand men he had led forward a few weeks before.

All the villages on the way had been burned and it was difficult to find shelter, but as night fell they reached a ruined hut. The 22-year-old prince turned to his men and addressed them.

*Dear brothers (he said), we must rest here, trusting to Heaven*

*that, whether we wake again on earth or not, all is well if we have faithfully borne our part.*

So they lay down in the ruined hut, and Emilius was soon asleep, dreaming that he saw kind faces bending over him.

When he woke, before it was quite light, he was warm and comfortable, a strange thing in that bitter country. For the moment he wondered where he was, forgetting the dreary march, the snow, the hunger, and the misery. Then he remembered, and looked round for his ten soldiers. They were not in the hut, and he realised that the pile of garments which had kept him warm while he slept were theirs. In the doorway were their bodies; they had frozen to death, sacrificing their lives to save his.

They would have been glad to know that their sacrifice was not in vain. Prince Emilius returned to Darmstadt and lived to a good old age, working for his country.

# Never Was Such a Happy Holiday

BY A GOLD COAST BOY

English children are not the only youngsters who enjoy working on the land during holidays. Gold Coast children have been writing descriptions of their holidays, and this is part of what a boy from Salpound, on the Gulf of Guinea, had to say.

I SPENT my holidays in a certain village near Domradzi. We lived in a house made of bamboo and palm branches. The roof is made of bamboo and the walls are made of palm branches.

We used to wake up early in the morning, and off we go into the bush, each holding a cutlass and an empty bag, in search of snails. (He does not say what the snails are for.) We always returned about eight o'clock in the morning.

Then off we go to our farm to weed; there we eat till we get tired of eating. Then we start work again; in the evening we all come home with a basket full of cocoa yam. We light a fire; then we begin to dance round the fire. On stopping we rush to the fire to see if the yam is ready. And then we all start eating the cocoa yam, then off into the bush again we go to set snares for the wild beasts.

Then we come home to have a game of football. The bush boys do not know how to play the ball, therefore I always used to teach them. After the game we came home to tell a story, after the story we go to bed.

I never had such happy holidays in my life like this.

# WOODMAN, PLANT THAT TREE

AGAIN the sound of the woodman's axe is heard in our woods and forests and coppices, and not least in the coppices of Southern England, slaughtered in the last war.

Here, according to the Forestry Commissioners, is coppice at its worst, though in a number of districts coppice is still standing and is relieved by standard trees, the standards being mainly oak and ash and birch, springing from the hazel undergrowth. Sussex comes out well with chestnut relieving the coppice, and there are osier beds in Somerset, beech woods in the

Chilterns and the Cotswolds, and larch plantations spring everywhere to replace the timber we have lost. But of our three million acres of trees only Scotland claims a great proportion of what the Commissioners call High Forest. Much of this will be laid low before the war ends, and the scars will remain as long as those which were left by the other war, unless replanting is taken in hand seriously.

The man who plants a tree does well by his country; the estate speculators who ruthlessly rip down every saleable trunk are its enemies.

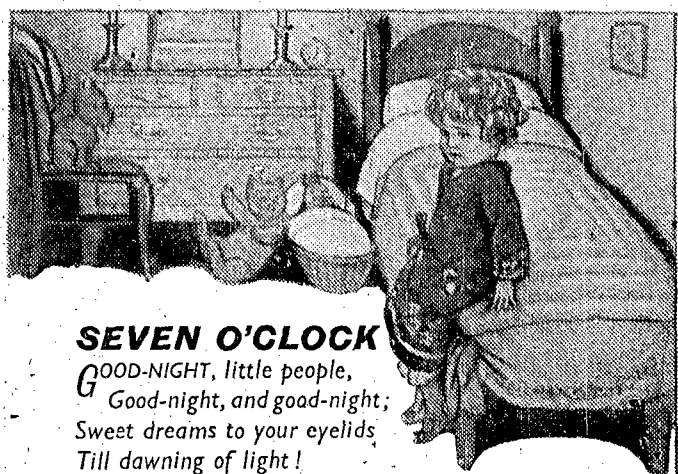
# The Black Mark Across the Road

EVACUEE children, brought in contact with the concrete arterial roads of the country, may wonder why these roads are marked at regular intervals by stripes of black from side to side.

When the roads are made a wooden lath is laid in the concrete at intervals, and being withdrawn when the road is dry, is replaced by liquid pitch, elastic material allowing for the expansion of the concrete when

heated and for its contraction when cold. Without such a precaution the road would buckle and smash up under extremes of temperature. A similar thing happens to hidden water mains. Not only do they crack with severe frost, but a sudden rise of temperature causes such expansion that the joints crack and summer-time is often as busy a season as frost for the engineers who guard them.

# BEDTIME CORNER



### SEVEN O'CLOCK

GOOD-NIGHT, little people,  
Good-night, and good-night;  
Sweet dreams to your eyelids  
Till dawning of light!

The evening has come; there's no more to be said:  
It's time little people were going to bed.

### AESOP AND THE TRAVELLER

AESOP, the famous storyteller, was one day travelling along a road when he was stopped by a man who asked how long it would take to walk to a distant hill.

"You have only to walk," said Aesop, "and you will come there."

"I know that," answered the man; "but how long will it take me?"

Aesop appeared to be offended, and simply repeated what he had just said.

"What a foolish man!" said the traveller. And he continued his way.

A few minutes afterwards he heard someone calling him;

and, looking round, he saw Aesop following.

"What do you want?" asked the traveller.

"I want to tell you that you will reach the hill in an hour and a half," replied Aesop.

"But why did you not tell me that at first?"

"Because I wanted to see exactly how fast you walked."

BUILD a little fold of sleep  
Round about;  
Such a fold shall surely keep  
Foes without.

Ford, I yield me to the care  
Thou dost take;  
Glad to know Thou wilt be near  
When I wake. E. E. Truett



# A QUIET WAR THAT IS BEING WON

## Conquering the Diphtheria Enemy

ONE war is slowly making headway. Two steps onward are reported from across the Atlantic in the fight against human ills.

The first discovery is of a new drug called Gramicidin, for infections such as pneumonia. It is prepared from soil bacteria, and may be even better than the far-famed sulfalaminadin which has had so much success.

The second discovery is the production at the Rockefeller Institute of a highly purified crystalline anti-toxin which is an improvement of the means of protecting children against diphtheria. This is not only the most fatal of all the diseases of childhood, but causes heart trouble and paralysis in many of those who survive the disease.

THE Chief Medical Officer of our Ministry of Health has been conducting a campaign urging parents to protect their children without delay because war conditions tend to increase the risks of infection. The Ministry provides the necessary toxoid free to local medical officers, who inoculate children twice at an interval of about a month. It is a painless act, and there are no unpleasant after-effects during the three months in which the toxoid is stirring up the natural defences of the body against diphtheria.

This is what science calls Immunisation; and, though no absolute guarantee against the disease is claimed, it is almost certain that, should an immunised child have diphtheria, it would be a much lighter attack than if he had received no protection.

### A Rural Disease

Compared with Canada and America, we have been slow to adopt this means of protection, and there are still serious people who doubt its efficacy, declaring that the statistics so far collected do not prove the need, and urging better attention to housing and sanitation in crowded areas.

On the other hand, Americans, who began immunisation earnestly in 1923, assert that the disease has no connection with bad drainage, and point out that in their country it has become a rural disease instead, owing to the fact that health services are better organised in

towns. Formerly, they declare, most cases occurred in the North, but now they are in the South, which has been slower to adopt immunisation.

### Toronto's Fine Record

In the United States and Canada parents have their children inoculated as a matter of course. In 1923 the deaths in 88 cities with a total population of 31 millions numbered 4000, but in 1939 the number had come down to 319 though these cities had nearly seven million more people. In Toronto, which is bigger than Liverpool, there were 1000 cases in 1929; protection then began, with the result that last year there was not a single case.

Statistics over so long a period are not yet available in this country, but they will provide interesting reading in the near future, for it is a terrible fact that we have had some 60,000 cases a year until recently, with nearly 3000 deaths registered from this cause alone. Diphtheria is the chief cause of death in children between five and ten, and the third most important cause in children between one and five.

Here is one striking record. In three areas of Sussex, where over 90 per cent of the elementary school-children have been inoculated, only two cases of diphtheria have occurred since January last year, both these being evacuees whose parents had not accepted the Government's offer of inoculation.

## The Japs and Their Years-Old War

CHINA'S resistance to Japan, begun four years ago, is more and more seen to be the grand bulwark against Dictatorship in the Far East.

Japan, but for China, would have run amok in the Pacific, and the United States and ourselves would have been in far deeper waters than now. We owe an immense debt of gratitude to the Chinese people.

Let us see why we think China has no need to be downcast. The fact that Japan has turned south to seize Indo-China and threaten Thailand is in itself a confession that it is beaten in China and is seeking to save its face.

The Japanese blockade of the coast has failed. The coast is too long, and as fast as one leak is stopped another breaks out. Also the Burma Road is in full use.

Further, the splendid fight put up by Russia against

Germany gives Japan cause for serious thinking.

The attack on China by Japan is the very thing which has consolidated the national feeling in China as centuries of peace would have failed to do. China is now so united and confident that, although Japan may have won the battles, it is China who is winning the war.

### NO RATIONING HERE

The Bishop of Accra, on the Gold Coast, has written home to his friends:

Here we are better off, for nothing is rationed. The only drawback is that things like sugar, margarine, and kerosene are not to be had at all, and it is now difficult to get bread when one is on trek; by the fifth or sixth day what we have brought becomes too mouldy even to toast.

## Nature's Curious Number Trick

This year the swallows were far more plentiful in our summer skies than a year or so ago, when they were so few that the sparrows were accused of having driven them off by occupying their nests.

But nearly all wild creatures practise this temporary disappearance, and then, like the swallows, come back again. Dr Robert Cushman Murphy, the naturalist, ascribes these waxings and wanings of numbers to a cycle in their periods of maximum production.

Thus mice and foxes share a maximum density of numbers occurring every three and a half years. Squirrels are in greatest numbers every five years, hares every 10 or 11. Among the bigger animals the wild sheep has a cycle of 20 years, the African buffalo 30 years, and the elephant reaches its highest numbers every 50 years. Such a peak has been reached in Central Africa, where the elephant is now almost a pest. He eats the crops; he even devours the native huts.

### What Is This?



An end view of an American barrage balloon, looking very much like an aerial starfish

## Restful Colours For the Eye

The old blackboard of the class-room is on its last legs. In Chicago the Board of Education has found that the strain of looking at the chalk letters and figures on it is too much for many children whose eyes are not so strong as they might be, and whose attention, therefore, wanders.

So in Chicago the blackboard is replaced by a glass chalkboard, grass-green in colour, and as easy to write on as a slate. Yellow chalk on this leaf-green provides a restful contrast.

This is only one of the efforts of the new colour engineering, which paints the walls of the meat departments and stores blue-green instead of white, and employs green sawdust on the floor to make the red meat look still redder; and restful green of various shades is invading the restaurant, the hospital, and the shoe factory to lessen eyestrain and fatigue.

## Teaching Christianity in the Schools

ONE of the most encouraging things that has happened in recent years is the growing harmony between the churches on the question of religious education in schools.

For many years this was a source of much bitterness between the Church of England and the Free Churches, and seriously hindered the smooth working of the schools, our Education Acts having perforce to compromise, so that in many schools the vital truths of Christianity have not been properly explained to children.

The other day the Archbishop of Canterbury introduced a strong deputation of Anglican and Free Church representatives to the Minister of Education to ask him to consider certain better methods of presenting the religious lesson with a view to amending the existing law.

The proposals are that the religious lesson should be given at any period in the daily timetable and not at the beginning or

end, as at present; that religious knowledge should be an optional subject counting towards a teacher's certificate; and that religious instruction should be inspected by the inspectors, a course now forbidden by law.

All our Protestant churches are agreed that the English Bible and the Christian Faith founded on it should be the basis of education in our schools, and that, subject to a conscience clause, all teachers competent and willing to give the important religious lesson should do so. The deputation also stressed the importance of the school day starting with an act of worship.

The Minister of Education promised to consult the Education Authorities and the teachers on the new proposals, and to consider any alterations necessary in our Education Acts.

Parliament is equally concerned in this matter, members of both Houses having recently addressed a letter on the subject to the Prime Minister.

## THE SAXON'S THORN TREE

A SIMPLE English thorn tree has been given pride of place in a recent issue of the delightful monthly magazine published by the American Forestry Association.

The tree is the hawthorn which all visitors to Salcombe Regis, near Sidmouth, will have seen, and which our good friend Dr Vaughan Cornish has made his special care. Dr Cornish has set up beside it a stone on which he has told its story.

A thorn tree, he records, has been maintained here since Saxon times, when it marked the boundary between the cultivated field of the combe and the open common of the hill. It has given the name Thorn to the neighbouring house, where the Manor Court was held, and also to the surrounding farm.

Thorn trees live for only about 400 years, so that the present tree is one of a series, but the tradition has remained unbroken for 12 centuries. Salcombe Regis, as its royal name indicates, was the personal property of our Saxon kings, one of whom gave the manor to the monks of Exeter. In due course a canon of the Cathedral Chapter was given Thorn Farm.

The thorn tree, however, had been planted long before this

house was built by the Saxons, when they ploughed the communal field in the red earth of the valley bottom.

The hawthorn was frequently chosen by the Saxons to mark a boundary, because they regarded it as the trysting place of fairies, who would wreak vengeance on anyone who dared to interfere with it.

When the Exeter Chapter ceased to farm here, and their property was divided up, an ancestor of Dr Cornish rented Thorn Farm, and his grandfather purchased its freehold at the beginning of last century. It has now come down to Dr Cornish "strictly entailed" on account of its historic interest, a bit of Saxon England which has survived to the 20th century.

## SWEETENS CHILD'S SOUR STOMACH IN FIVE MINUTES

Mother! You'll be positively amazed how quickly a little 'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a stomach made sour and sick by too much rich food. 'Milk of Magnesia' overcomes the sour acidity the moment it reaches the stomach. That sick, ill feeling quickly passes away and in no time the little one is as lively as a cricket. Then 'Milk of Magnesia' moves the bowels and relieves the system of the offending bile and undigested food which have made the child ill. At the first sign of sickness just give 'Milk of Magnesia' and nip the attack in the bud. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' today and have it handy. 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity). Including Purchase Tax. Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 7d., 1/11, 2/3 and 3/11. (Including Purchase Tax.) Obtainable everywhere. Be quite sure it is 'Milk of Magnesia'.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' Preparation of Magnesia.

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**SAID SHE**

I'm terribly worried. I wrote Jack in my last letter to forget that I had told him I didn't mean to reconsider my decision not to change my mind, and he seems to have misunderstood me.

**Easy Work**

A CERTAIN young fellow kept BHB, And got plenty of honey with FEE. "This honey," said he, "Most handy will be For breakfasts and dinners and TTT."

**MAGIC FIGURES**

142857 × 7 = 999999 ÷ 9 = 111111  
285714 × 7 = 1999998 ÷ 9 = 222222  
428571 × 7 = 2999997 ÷ 9 = 333333  
571428 × 7 = 3999996 ÷ 9 = 444444  
714285 × 7 = 4999995 ÷ 9 = 555555  
857142 × 7 = 5999994 ÷ 9 = 666666

**How Canova Wrote His Name**

ANTONIO CANOVA was one of the world's greatest sculptors. He was an Italian and studied at Venice and in Rome, and received commissions from the Popes and

*Antonio Canova*

from Napoleon. Modelling himself on the ancients, he added a new grace and delicacy of his own. His Theseus, Cupid and Psyche, Venus and Adonis, and Perseus are world-famous. Canova was born in 1757 and died in 1822.

**Hidden Poets**

How many names of poets can you find hidden in these verses?

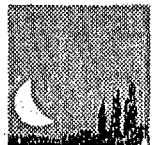
THE sun is darting rays of gold  
Upon the moor, enchanting spot,  
Whose purple heights, by Ronald  
loved,  
Up open to his shepherd cot.

And supdri denizens of air  
Are flying, aye, each to his nest;  
And eager make at such an hour  
All haste to reach the mansions  
blest.

*Gray, Moore, Byron, Pope, Dryden, Keats, and Hemans*

**Other Worlds Next Week**

IN the evening the planet Venus is low in the west and Mars is low in the south-east. In the morning Jupiter and Saturn are in the east and Mars is in the south. The picture shows the Moon, as it may be seen at mid-night on Saturday, September 13.



# THE BRAN TUB

**How a Duel Was Averted**

DURING the Napoleonic wars feeling often ran high between officers in the intervals of campaigning, and duelling on points of honour took place from time to time. On one occasion, however, a dispute ended in general laughter.

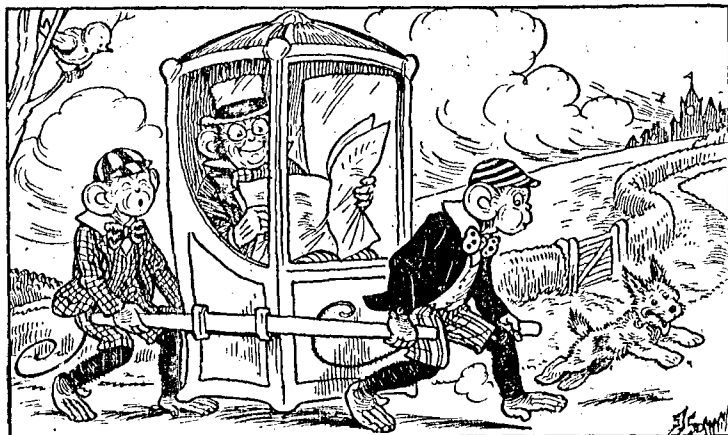
An officer bluntly contradicted a certain statement, and the one who had made it answered instantly:

"You are very bold, sir, to dare to give me the lie. If I was a little nearer to you I would box your ears to teach you better manners; and you may consider the blow as already given."

The other officers present were alarmed, fearing serious trouble, but the original offender, with an air of great severity, flung back the following retort:

"And I, sir, to punish you for your impertinence, now run you through the body; and you may consider yourself dead."

This unexpected reply set the whole company laughing, and a reconciliation followed immediately.

**Jacko's New Car**

YOU may imagine Grandpa's surprise when Jacko and Chimp turned up one morning with a Sedan chair and asked him if he would like to go for a ride. The old gentleman said he would, very much; and in he hopped. "Wherever did you find it?" he asked. But the boys only grinned, and said "Ha, ha!" very mysteriously. The attendant at the Museum could have told him.

**UP OR DOWN?**

ANXIOUS PASSENGER (waiting for his boat): "I say, my man, is that boat going up or down?"

Riverside Loafer: "Well, guv'nor, I really can't say. She's a leaky old tub, so she may be goin' down. But, then, her boilers ain't none too good, so I shouldn't be surprised if she suddenly went up."

**A Pessimist's View**

THE world of fools has such a store,  
That he who would not see an ass  
Must bide at home, and bolt his door,  
And break his looking-glass.

**GEORGE THE THIRD'S PHYSICIANS**

THE king employed three doctors daily, Willis, Heberden, and Baillie; All exceeding skillful men. Baillie, Willis, Heberden; But doubtful which most sure to kill is, Baillie, Heberden, or Willis.

**Do You Live at Hatfield?**

IN old documents Hatfield is spelt Hathfeld and Hethfeld, which clearly shows its meaning to be the heath field, or open field.

This was no doubt a description of the place at one time, and, though now a town with houses and roads, it retains its old descriptive name.

**THE GROCER IN LOVE**

A GROCER loved a charming girl,  
As lovely as the day!

He wondered if she'd marry him,  
And said, "Let Soap she may."

And straightway to her house he went,  
Her lovely face to see,

Exclaiming, "Ah, I know full well  
That Cheese the girl for me!"

The girl was very kind, and said  
That she was very glad

To see him there, and then remarked,  
What a bad Coffee had.

At length they wed, and made a pair  
By no means ill-assorted,

And happy ever after were,  
It's Currantly reported.

**NATURE'S NEWS REEL FOR SEPTEMBER**

THE stone-curlew clamours  
Grapes are ripening  
Wood-owls hoot  
Saffron butterfly appears  
Ring-ousel on its autumn visit  
Flycatcher last seen  
Beans ready to cut  
Ivy flowers  
Starlings congregate  
Wild honeysuckle in flower  
Woodlark sings and woodcock returns

**Ici on Parle Francais****Une Petite Histoire**

Le fameux chancelier, nommé Francis Bacon, était un homme qui menait une vie modeste, et plusieurs années avant qu'il fut célèbre, il s'était battu une humble petite chaumière à la campagne, et ce fut ici que Bacon aimait se retirer pour se reposer.

Un beau jour que la reine Elisabeth se trouvait dans les environs, elle exprima le désir de visiter le château de Lord Bacon; imaginez donc la surprise de la reine en voyant, au lieu d'un magnifique château, une toute petite chaumière!

"Votre maison," dit la reine, "est bien petite!"

"Madame," reprit Lord Bacon, "elle est assez grande pour moi, mais c'est votre Majesté qui est trop grande pour elle."

**CONVINCING**

SAID mother in shocked tones:

David, you mustn't put a whole potato in your mouth!

David: Why not? It fits!

**LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS**

A Dish of Fruit  
The six fruits were:  
pineapple,  
peaches,  
pomegranate,  
medlars,  
gooseberries,  
apricots.

P	L	U	C	K	R	A	F
L	O	S	E	C	O	I	L
Y	O	U	R	H	E	R	O
P	A	U	S	E	S	O	
A	L	L	A	M	A	D	
P	S	E	D	I	T	S	
P	L	E	A	C	O	L	D
L	A	W	N	A	L	O	E
E	V	E	A	L	L	E	Y

## DANGER MOTHER!

### Safeguard child's 'MILK-TEETH'

Those little pearly teeth you have watched grow one by one—will Nature replace them with the strong, healthy white teeth young men and women need? Mother!—it depends on you!

Dental science now knows that to ensure healthy adult teeth a child's 'milk-teeth' must be given special care now. Each tiny tooth must be guarded daily. The mouth acids that stain and harm the teeth must be neutralised. Only in this way can 'milk-teeth' be kept healthy and sound to be replaced with the strong white, even teeth of the virile adult.

Over twelve thousand Dentists agree that the scientific way to destroy excess mouth acid is through the daily use of a toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'. They say it is the most effective antacid known. 'Milk of Magnesia' instantly neutralises the acid in your child's mouth. Safeguards the delicate tooth enamel and the tender little pink gums. Keeps the tiny teeth pearl white and cleans as only 'Milk of Magnesia' can.

There is one dentifrice, and one only, that contains 'Milk of Magnesia'. Phillips' Dental Magnesia contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia'. Try it and you will soon learn how thousands of Mothers guard their children's precious 'milk-teeth'. Sold everywhere, 7d., 1/1d. and 1/10d. (including Purchase Tax.) 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia. Be sure, Mother, to say Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Children love the refreshing mint flavour of Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

## FREEDOM FROM FEAR AND WANT

Boy. I have been reading the Eight Point declaration of Mr Churchill and President Roosevelt, and I was struck by their Sixth Point—that they hope to see established a Peace which should enable all men to live "in freedom from Fear and Want." Will you talk to me about that?

Man. I gladly give you my opinion. It is that freedom from fear and want can come only through established Peace; that both within nations and in their international contacts men must learn to cooperate for mutual aid; in short, Peace has no meaning if we do not define it as national and international cooperation.

Boy. Is it easy to avoid poverty?

Man. Few things worth doing are easy. Those who wish to avoid work can only be advised to seek another planet. The proper answer to your question is that poverty can only be avoided by work, but that cooperative work makes labour fruitful, while selfish work, continually menaced and thwarted by domestic and international strife, must be unfruitful, bringing riches to a few and want to the many.

### THE BOY TALKS WITH THE MAN

Boy. Is that true even of the naturally rich nations?

Man. Yes. If we consider our own case, living in a fortunate island, head of a great Empire, or that of the American people, living in the richest area of the earth, we find that the majority are poor and insecure, even in time of peace. Only a few years ago President Roosevelt said that in his own proud land he saw a third of its people living in conditions of dire poverty. Fortunately there are many signs that work for mutual aid is becoming better understood, and that as a consequence poverty is diminishing. The black of the bad old days has been reduced to grey; and we may hope the grey will lighten and merge into white.

Boy. Have measurements of progress ever been made?

Man. Yes, in many ways, and they all tell the same story; it is one of improvement. Mr B. Seebohm Rowntree, in his book on Poverty, gave extraordinary facts

relating to the city of York in 1899. Taking the small sum of 21s 8d a week as a poverty line for a family of five, he found that about a third of York's people were either below this line or very little above it. In 1936 he again investigated all York.

Prices had risen, and it cost in 1936 much more money to buy the things listed to make up the 21s 8d per week of 1899. Allowing for this, Mr Rowntree found that dire poverty had decreased by half. So the dark grey had become lighter in 37 years, but how deep a grey it remained! Taking a "reasonable standard of living," he found that in 1936, York had a third of its population below it. As to the remaining two-thirds, we know too well that few modern people feel secure, or able to look forward to old age without anxiety.

Life at home and abroad is still a complex of competing ambitions, irreconcilable with security and destructive of happiness. We must cast out Fear and believe what is eternally true, that Love alone can give men the sweet content that is within their grasp.



## Mother! Give Constipated Child 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative, and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and stimulates the liver and bowels without cramping or over-acting. Millions of

mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Prices 1/5 and 2/10 (including Purchase Tax). Mother, you must say 'CALIFORNIA.'